

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

The Sand-Hillers.

From the Louisville Examiner.
We find in the *Wingsburg Intelligencer*, published at Georgetown, South Carolina, the following notice:

The poor slaves on Black River, and in the neighboring country, are in a state of misery, and the want of food, shelter, and means, and of those having meat. The *Colored Star* calls for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be made to obtain relief for them.

This is a class of poor whites in the Carolinas, and most of the Southern States, peculiar in character, and unknown generally to the country. They are called sand-hillers. They are so called because they live together in the poorest houses, built by themselves, fishing, raising a little stock, making tar and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They are very ignorant. Not one out of fifty can read or write, and what is worse, they change not at times windows down the side, and supply their places with the young. As the size, and growth, increase, so do they increase.

Another class of sand-hillers are as peculiar in dress and look as they are in character. You know them when you see them. They are marked in every way.

Dressed always in the plainest homespun, and make

them look like the poorest kind, but when using

them, the contrast kind, with shrouded hats of

sheep's hair, having no blood in their cheeks, their

eyes black and their hair lank, they are as distinct a

race as the Indian. In some cases, they are as careful

as others for frolic or fun; to fish and hunt;

to chase wild cattle, but here the similarity ends; for

they are wanting in personal daring, and in that energy

of character which makes a man. We are not, however,

of those who are fond of stationing themselves, or becoming

disgusted by his deeds. And it is this class to whom

the *Georgetown Intelligencer* alludes, we conclude, when

it speaks of the "poor laborers" on Black River and neighborhood.

What are they in their present condition?

Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one, and we

never think of it without sorrow.

In the early settlement of the Carolinas, everybody

pressed upon the water-courses. Poor as well as rich,

made lodgment upon or near their banks.

At first very few negroes; consequently the latter needed

to have their houses built by themselves.

As these slaves had no money to feel their

strength, having grown up between those

clines. It led often to violence. The larger planters

began to buy up the poor men's land, and the poor men,

in turn, became anxious to sell. And they did so. But

where were they to go? South of Carolina was in the

state, where in possession of rich planters. They had

no alternative left, as they thought, but to herd together on

the sand hills, and there they and still live.

Their character of place is sufficient enough of

themselves to tell their location in neighborhoods where neither large

nor small planters could meet them. They got where

they could, live without being disturbed or worried by

the contiguous slaves. Now and then you will

see a poor man, indeed, who is

not so poor, but generally there are some, or fifteen, or twenty miles back. What the land would yield, which they call their own—for often they "squat," as the phrase is, on the State's or other's property—is difficult to say. But the best of the land, even if it were not so good, is the same, the most of it, five acres. They grow sweet potatoes, melons, a little cotton for home use, and now and then a hog, or half a hog, for market. But things are where they are, and as they are, because slavery, with its brutal social life beats them, and the poor, and the old, and the sick, they hopelessly down and beaten on the barren hills.

What are their peculiarities of mind?

The fact is that they left the neighborhood of large plantations, and sought a sort of wild-wind liberty, when they had no master to rule over them. They had none.

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